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THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
BEAUX;

In Five Parts. 1080115

- I. *Of a Nice Affected Beaux.*
- II. *A Heelion, or Bally Beaux.*
- III. *A Country Beaux.*
- IV. *A City Beaux.*
- V. *A Spruce Beaux, alias, a Lawyers Clerk.*

To which is Added:

The Character
OF A
JACOBITE.

Written by a Young Gentleman.

London: Printed in the year, 1696.

THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
BEAUX.

IN FIVE PARTS.



TO WHICH IS ADDED:
THE CHARACTER
OF A
JACOBITE.

Written by T. Gordon.

London: Printed in the Year 1765.

THE
PREFACE.

THE World of late
being grown so censo-
rious, and Fools that
can but spell their Names, pre-
tending to correct other Mens
Works; an Author now dares not
publish any Book, though never
so small, without a Preface, to de-
fend himself against the Carpings
and Contumelies of the malicious
Town.

Supposing therefore my Enemies
may be as numerous as another's,

THE PREFACE.

and that Fellows, whose Pride have got the ascendant of their little Reason, will be picking holes, not out of any Enmity they bear me, but only by commencing my Works, boast of their own Understandings; I hope my prefixing a Preface to this Six-penny business, will not be thought irrequisite.

Some Persons may wonder, why of all things, I chose the Beaux to write the Character of; when 'tis grown so common a Subject: True, 'tis so, and therefore the more difficult to write upon; yet, as it is common, 'tis copious; and notwithstanding it hath been so often handled, and so much hath been said in ridicule of those tame
unthink

THE PREFACE

thinking Amoral, an ingenious
Person may still find new matter
May, upon second thoughts, it
now become a new Subject, for
there's as much difference between
a Beaux of 86, and a Beaux of
96, as between a Prime spruce City
Apprentice, (with his Hair turn'd
up in buckles, to wait upon Mi-
striss Susan the Chamber-Maid,
to the Flaming Pye-House on an
Easter Holy-day,) and a sense-
less Dancing-Master, that affects
all the Tawdriness imaginable.
What in that Age was an extra-
vigant Beaux, is in this accounted
a silly diminutive Coxcomb, to
such a height of Folly and Foppery
are Men arriv'd,

The

The PREFACE.

The Character of the Beaux, I am flatter'd may please, that of a Jacobite I hope will please, and pass without a malicious Censure, unless from those who are concern'd in the Satyr: Yet, if dispir'd, will admit of a good Apology, it being writ ex Tempore, and altogether at the request of the Bookseller, who complain'd, that the scarcity of Coin had made People avarus; and that where a Man laid out Six-pence, he was desirous of having much for his Money.

What in that Age was accounted elegant Beauz, is now accounted a silly dunces, and I observe such a height of Folly and Folly in the Men write.

The Character of the Beaus.

TH*E* French being Na-
 turally a sort of *Finic-*
cal, Fantastick, Ridicu-
lous Creatures, are always very
 busie in Emulating one another's
Fooleries, but particularly to ex-
 ceed each other in *Dress*; and
 their chiefest Endeavours are,
 who shall be most *Foppish*, or
 run away with the Fame of ha-
 ving the profoundest Capacity
 for a *Dancing-Master*, or a *Va-*
let de Chambre: And many of
 our Nation being not so wise as

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we might expect, are very ambitious of imitating their *Fashions*, and have attributed to themselves the Name of *Beau*, which is Originally *French*, and in our Language signifies *Fine*, or *Handsome*.

Since therefore *Virtue* is so much Deprest, and *Vice* and *Folly* Countenanc'd, I thought it not unnecessary to give to the World a Description of a *Beau*, that Men of Sense may laugh at 'em; and those senseless Animals, if they are not quite stupid and irrecoverable, may leave their *Fopperies*, and become Men, who are now but *Monsters*.

And

And as they are of various kinds, I shall first Commence with what we call a *Nice, affected Beau*: One, who from Ten till Twelve, receives Visits in Bed, where he lyes most magnificently with a long Perriwig neatly laid over the Sheets, extravagantly powder'd, and exactly curl'd; when the Clock has struck Twelve, that his two hours are expir'd, he begins to rise, and with much ado, about Three is dress'd, which we must allow to be but a very small time, considering how many little phidling insignificant things he has to adorn himself withal; as perfuming his Cloaths, using

Washes to make his hands white, beautifying his Face, putting on two or three little Patches, soaking his Handkerchief in Rose-water, powdering his Linnen, which he pretends so stink of Sope, he's not able to bear it; and chiefly tying on his Cravat, which perhaps is done and undone a dozen times, before it sets with an Air according to his Mind. Between Three and Four he Dines, and his constant Food is either a *Chicken*, a *Rabbit*, a *Partridge*, or for variety, a little fresh *Fish*; *Mutton*, *Beef*, *Pork*, or *Veal*, being too strong for his nice Stomach, and fitter for the grosser and more robust
 sort

sort of *Mortals*, as he styles 'em. About Four he bids his Dog call a Chair, and away he marches to the *Chocolate-House*, where he affirms himself to be a Wit; and is frequently chringing into Company, though he knows himself not in the least acceptable; continually interrupting others more serious Discourse, to force out his dry Jests, which are always *Foolish*, if not downright *Nonsense*, and never move any body but his own *insipid Self*. But his chiefest aim is, to converse with the *Poets*, and be of their Society; to be familiar with 'em, and (if he can) a *Cronie*; that when occasion serves,

he may make use of their Brains
 for a Song, or a Copy of Verses
 on such a Ladies Beauty, which
 he swears (when conversant with
 the Ladies) to be his own. By
 that time he has spent an hour
 at *Will's*, or the *Chocolate-House*,
 'tis almost time for the *Play*; and
 having put himself in Order, ad-
 justed his *Cravat* and *Wig*, and
 daub'd his Face with *Snuff*, he
 very soberly enters the House;
 first in one side Box, then in
 t'other; next in the *Pit*, and
 sometimes in the *Galleries*, that the
Vulgar sort may as well behold
 and admire the Magnificence of
 his *Apparel*, as those of *Quality*.
 Before the *Play's* half done,
 whip

whip he's at t^rother Houfe; and
 being in the Pit, between every
 Act leaps upon the Benches, to
 show his *shape*, his *Legs*, his
Scarlet Stockings, his *Meem* and
Air; then out comes a *Snuff-*
Box, as big as an *Alderman's To-*
bacco-Box, wh'd with a bawdy
 Picture, and the Hand's very
 gracefull y lifted to the Nose, to
 shew the length of its *Fingers*,
 its whiteness, its delicacy, and
 the *Diamond Ring*; and ha-
 ving play'd a few *Monkey*
Tricks, the Musick ceases, and
 the Gentleman descends, bowing
 this way, that way, and t^rother
 way, eithat the *Ladies* in the
Boxes may take notice of him,
 and

and think him a Person of *Quality*; known and respected by every body: Then, while the *Play's* Acting, he turns his Back to the Stage, as disregarding such *Nonsense*; and crying, *Damne*, here's a dam'd Play; then speaking to a *Masque*, *Madam*, says he, *How can your Ladyship sit it?* Why, Sir, says she? *Me* thinks 'tis very tolerable: *O*ged *Madam*! no, the Devil take me if I cou'dn't write a more tolerable one *ex Tempore*: But if she still persists to commend it, and will needs confute him, as *O'dear Sir!* I'm sure you wrong your Judgment now, this *Scene* is very pretty, and witty; then
the

the *Fop* complies a little, and, with a simple Grimace, He! He! *Why faith, Madam, this is indifferent, though if such a thing had been out or in, 'twou'd ha' been much better; still criticising, and pretending to amend what he does not understand: When an Hour or two's spent there, he goes to the Park, and, creeping to a Lady, O Madam, I'm almost suffocated; stop my Vitals! the Smoak of London is unsufferable: How does your Ladyship find it? yet, not permitting her to Answer; O Madam, renounce me, if I am not ready to expire; your Ladyship's most humble Servant: Then the same Stuff to another,*

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always

always endeavouring to speak Fine, and Unintelligibly; and, not being Master of his own Language, intermixes it with Bombast *Latine*, and scraps of *French*, that the Ladies may take him for a Man of Parts, and a true *Linguist*: When he has pretty well wearied himself with that Diversion, he walks to some Lady's Lodgings in *Pell-Mell*, or *St. James's-Square*; where he spends three or four Hours at *Ombre*, or *Ticktack*, and so Home again.

Another sort of *Beau*, is what we generally style a *Hector*, or *Bully-Beau*: One, who having

no Estate to subsist on, is forc'd to live by his Wits; yet is a Man of *Mode*, and strives to be soon in every new Fashion, as well as the former, though in every respect, not so extravagantly Tawdry, and Affected; most of these, though they'd be accounted Men of Fortune, and Reputation, Persons of great Honour, Vertue, Merit, and Esteem, yet are glad to Pimp and Sharp about the Town to get a Penny; this Man, by his over Industry, having a little good Breeding, or some other taking Quality about him, insinuates himself into some Countess's Favour, who having a Husband

not capable of doing her Reason, secretly entertains him for her *Stallion*; that Man turns down-right *Pimp*, and undertakes to help Men to *Whores*, and *Whores* to *Cullys*; and if he can but procure a pretty *Wench* for an old Letcherous *Alderman*, it may be worth to him sometimes, at least, a hundred *Guineas*; then he may Swear, be Drunk, scowre the Streets, knock down Watch-men, and break Windows with as much Authority as e're a Lord in the Kingdom; t'other Man being a more subtle, crafty Rogue, silyly watches his Hits, and hires Men to give him Intelligence of what

raw

raw Heirs, who have more Money than Wit, are lately come of Age, and how he shall get acquainted with 'em; so, by his false Dice, and other juggling Tricks, he finds an opportunity to make his Fortune out of theirs: These are a kind of *Bully-Beaux*; though a *Hector* or *Bully-Bean*, in general, is one who bilks Coaches, runs from *Taverns* without paying the Reckoning, forces into *Play-Houses* gratis; and, though a damn'd Coward, drawing his Sword, and quarrelling with every Body; but to be sure, either in the *Park*, at the *Play-House*, or some other open populous

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place,

place, where he knows he shall be parted: And, having consum'd great part of his Money at *Bandy-Houses*, and *Tennis-Courts*, sneaks in at Night at the *Royal-Oake-Lottery* in *Sussex-street*, lays two or three Six-pences upon Quarters, and by that means spunges a Supper.

A Third sort is, a *Country-Bean*: One, who having been bred up in Ignorance, and from his Infancy led a retir'd Country Life, and consequently unacquainted with the Tricks and Cheats of the Town, comes to an Estate before he is ripe of Understanding: No sooner the
Old

Old Dad's laid in the Ground,
 but the young Squire, consider-
 ing the greatness of his Estate,
 that he's at his own disposal, may
 do what he will, say what he will,
 and go where he will, without be-
 ing check'd, or reprov'd by any
 body, has an itch to be Ramb-
 ling; and having wash'd his Face
 with Milk and Water, put on
 his best Leather-Breeches, ty'd
 at Knees with red Taffety, his
 new blew Jacket, and his grey
 Coat, with Buttons no bigger
 than Nutmegs, and smugg'd
 himself up very handsomly, takes
 his best Nag, and Gallops up
 to *London*; where he is very
 kindly receiv'd by the *Bully-
 Beaux*

Beaux, who laid wait for him before-hand: He return'd their Complements to the best of his Ability, and is over-joy'd at their Friendship; thinking it no Scandal, but rather an Honour, to correspond with such fine well drest Gentlemen, little imagining their Policy; they embrac'd him with all the Love and Candor imaginable; and say, they desire no greater Felicity, than to be esteem'd his Friends. First, they carry him to *Westminster* to see the *Tombs*, then on board the *Folly*, next to *Spring-Garden*, and to *Billingsgate* to eat *Oysters*, Treating him very highly, and not permitting him

him to pay a Farthing; some-
time after he goes to a *Play*, and
is mightily taken with that Sport;
but seeing the *Beaus* there so
gaily drest, he begins to think
his Cloaths not so fine and fa-
shionable, as they shou'd be, and
is very ambitious of equalling
'em, knowing his Means suffici-
ent to afford it; the Bully *Beaus*,
his true hearty Friends, and
Comrades, supply him with all
Necessaries, teach him a little
Breeding, buy him a noble long
Wigg, and all still at their own
Costs; he is amaz'd at their Ci-
vility, and knows not how to
Recompence 'em: When he has
revel'd away three or four weeks,

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sorry he would leave them, and
hop'd they shou'd soon have
him again ; but the Spark
finding out their deceit, and ha-
ving sold his best Gelding, Mort-
gag'd his Estate, and it's like
got the Pox by the Whores
those Fellows brought him to,
fairly and soberly trots down
again, upon a Carriers Horse,
repenting of his Folly, and re-
solving to do Pennance for his
past Luxury.

A Fourth sort, is a City *Beau*,
the greatest part of which, dwell
in *Pater-Noster-Row*; I mean the
Mercers Apprentices, and some
of the Masters; Fellows, who,

when any new Gawdy Silk is invented, and design'd for a Fashion; to be sure make themselves Wastcoats of it first, that Folks may take example by them, and they may be the first in the Mode; to which they commonly add, a black Coat and a pair of white Stockings; but above all, a light colour'd bob Wigg, very well powder'd; being thus accouter'd, more like Actors then any thing else; they stand half a dozen hours at the Door, with their Coats open, that Folks passing by, may see their fine Wastcoats; and when a Gentleman buys any Silk, they cry, pray Sir let me advise

advise you to this Piece, 'tis
 the prettiest you ever saw ; pray
 Sir, take my word for't, there's
 not such a Silk again, in the
 whole *Rom* ; it ha'n't been made
 above these three days, and I
 so admir'd it, that you see I have
 made my self a Wastcoat on't :
 But I shall pass by those Who-
 ring Fellows, as not worth my
 speaking of; *Whoring said I! Ay!*
Whoring, Lewd, Vitious, De-
bauch'd, Drunken Fellows. Are
 they so? No wonder then the
 Sempstresses flock thither in such
 Numbers.

A Fifth sort, is a Spruce
Bean, otherwise call'd a Lawyers
 . Clark:

Clark : One, who, when his Master, on a *Saturday Night*, is slipt to *Epsom*, to take a mouthful of Air, and play a Game at *Bagg-Gammon* with the Parson, dresses himself to the best advantage, powders his Hair, and his Coat to the middle of his Back; and putting on his white Gloves, a Patch on his right Cheek, and the Brass hilted Sword, which he, and his Fellow Clark, *Dash*, joyn'd for last *Bartholomew Fair*; marches up *Fleet-street*, with his clean white Handkerchief hanging half way out of his Pocket, that he may look careless forsooth; and by the way, meets with one of his old Comrades,

who

who cries, How now *Jack-Scribe*? Where a pox are you going so Sparkish? I vow you are a compleat *Bean*, a mear *Bean* as I live; the Fool wagg's his Head, smiles, and sets his Cravat right, and is extreamly pleas'd you afford him the Title; parting with his Friend, he steers his course to the Play; where he is commonly seen in the 18^d. Gallery, at the two last Acts: These are what sort of *Beans* I can at present think off; when I see what Reception these meet with, I shall furnish the Town with some more, for such Monsters are plentiful enough.

T H E

who cries Alas how
Woe is mine for I am
ing to spend the whole
and empty. Alas how
as I live in the house
I had in the world
right and I am
you should be the
my will is that I
his count to the
his count to the
at the two
I shall be
with some more
I shall be

THE
Character

OF A

JACOBITE

CHRISTOPHER
JACOBITE

The Character of a Jacobite.

THE Laws of this Land being so well Established by his present Majesty, King *William*; the Liberties we enjoy under him being so many, and the Love and Affection which our Sovereign bears us being so great, 'tis almost a Miracle that any Person can be a *Jacobite*, especially one who resides in this Kingdom; where, by all Men of *Sense, Religion, or Understanding*, he knows himself so much condemn'd and dispis'd.

Yet as there are different *Sectaries*, both reasonable and foolish, we must allow *Jacobitism* to be one, but certainly the most foolish in Nature; and I shall endeavour to expose it to

the best of my Ability, both *Edification*, and *Diversion*; First then for *Edification*,

There are a *Factions*, *Disloyal*, *Seditious* sort of People, who have scatter'd themselves up and down this Nation, to insinuate into Mens Minds a good Opinion of the late King *James*, and wou'd fain persuade 'em, that he was unlawfully dethron'd; and that King *William* has no Right to the Crown, but is a Usurper, which is on both sides apparently false; and every sensible and judicious Man must needs own, *First*, That King *James* was incapable of Ruling in a *Protestant* Realm, having apostasiz'd to *Popery*: And then, that his now Majesty coming to our Succour, endangering his Life for our Sakes, and assisting us to recover our Liberties, when we were at the brink of Ruine, is *Rightfully*, and *Lawfully*

ly adjudg'd King; and 'tis but his Merit: For who better deserves a Crown, and to have Authority over a People, than he who delivers 'em from *Slavery*, restores 'em to their *Rights* and *Customs*, preserves their *Religion*? And by his unparallel'd Valour, subdues all their Enemies. Though by their leaves, our now *Monarch*, and our late *Queen*, were no Usurpers; neither did they desire the Crown, but were solicited to accept it; though if they had, 'twas nothing but their *Real, True, undoubted, and undeniable Due*, the *Queen* being Eldest Daughter to King *James*, and next Heir, notwithstanding that upstart *Brat*, the pretended Prince of *Wales*. And though King *James* is not dead in Person, yet he is dead in Law, the Decrees of *Parliament* having render'd him unable to act; and therefore 'tis but requisite that another should succeed him as tho' he

he were actual dead; especially when he ran away, and left the Throne vacant. Yet these *Jacobites*, who with so much Vigour stand up for their *Old King*, and strive to vindicate his Cause, pretend to be *Protestants*; and say, that though their *Religion* is dearer to 'em than their Lives, yet their Consciences cannot permit King *James*, though a *Papist*, to be Abdicated. Stupidity! that any Man who professes *Protestantism*, can love a *Popish Ruler*: Nay, who was not only a *Papist*, a *Promoter of Popery*, but an *Enemy to the Protestant Religion*; as his *Actions*, his suffering so many *Priests and Jesuits*, his Erecting such a number of *Mas-houses*, and his cruel and inhumane Usage to those who were averse to his Opinion, and Institutions, plainly demonstrates. Rediculous absurdity! and can be compar'd to nothing but this, that a Man who cries, I love my Li-
berty.

erty, my Pleasure, my Freedom, my Ease, and yet adore him who molests me, blocks me up, persecutes me, and unjustly puts me in Prison. No, no, they are no *Protestants*; *Protestant* is a Fallacy, a bare Name, they are *Fergusonians*, that is, any thing, *Protestant, Presbyterian, Papist, Mahometan, Independant, Anabaptist*, of any Religion whatsoever, with which they may cloak and smother their *Villanies, Treasons, and malicious Intentions*; and by being of so many *Religions*, manifestly show, they are of no *Religion*. These are a sort of Seditious busie Rascals that are so prejudicial to a Government, and 'tis but his Majesties too much *Clemency*, that brings 'em to such a height of Impudence.

Another sort of *Jacobites* are those, who live by the late King *James*, and depend altogether on his Court;

so,

so, for their Livelyhoods sake, were forc'd to depart the Kingdom with him, though the greatest part left their Hearts behind 'em: These we ought rather to pity, than punish, being, many of 'em, antiently *Protestants*; and by him, and his *Priests*, seduc'd into the Papal Opinion: Yet notwithstanding their great esteem for their King, which was only for their private Ends, they have found their Sallery in *France* so small, and so ill paid, that most of 'em have begg'd leave to return to their Native Country; and I question not, but in a short time, he'll be quite destitute of Attendants.

A third sort of *Jacobites* are those, who are not content to rail against the *King* and *Government*, to Compose, Print, and Publish their scurrilous, false, and malicious *Libels* and *Pamphlets*; but endeavour to deprive
our

our Monarch of his Life, as the late
Horrid Plot can testify; being a too
dreadful Example of their intended
Villany. But why do they so? To
what end wou'd they commit such
Outrages? Why! they tell you,
because the King admits not of their
Religion. What is their Religion?
a *quere* very difficult to be answer'd!
What Religion suffers such Inhumani-
ties? What Religion countenances
such Barbarities, to murder Kings?
Nay, and in cool Blood! Subvert a
State, and enslave a People? None.
Why then do they act thus? Why!
For *Lucre*. They are *Russins*, *Bar-*
barians, *Atheists*, who believe there
will be no Judgment, so fear no Pu-
nishment, but will perpetrate any
Villany for a Reward. This sort of
Jacobins is the most pernicious to the
State, of all; and ought carefully
to be rooted out, that the King may
Live, and be Happy; the Subjects
Prosper;

Prosper; and *Virtue*, *Piety*, and *Honesty*, flourish amongst us, and endure to Perpetuity. But now for a little *Diversion*.

A Fourth sort of *Jacobites*, are the *Beaus*; Ha! ha! ha! they *Jacobites*! What those *Asses*, who mind nothing but *Witt*, *Dressing*, and going to *Plays*; those capering *Jack-puddings*, who throughout the Year don't read a *Gazette*? Prithee, Why are they *Jacobites*? why! because 'tis the fashion; the Ladies at t'other end of the Town are generally *Jacobites*; so they are under an Obligation of being so too, lest they disoblige 'em; for if the Ladies discard 'em, they may go hang themselves, their *Felicity* altogether depending on their Smiles, and corresponding with 'em; being a Crew of Effeminate, Self-admiring Fools, not fit for the Society of Men: Nay, truly a Man of Sense

Sense wou'd scorn to be seen in a
Beans Company, 'twould be a scan-
 dal to him to converse with such
 Apes, Wax Babies, who's great-
 est Ambition is to have the gaudiest
 Sword-string, or the best powder'd
 Wigg. Monkeys who aim at no-
 thing but Affectation, and smart Re-
 partees, and value themselves chiefly
 upon their Cloaths. Silly, insigni-
 ficant Fools, who are always com-
 posing Lampoons, and striving to
 ridicule other Men, little consider-
 ing an insipid *Lampoon*, or *Panygerick*
 upon another, is a more severe Li-
 bel upon themselves. The Age is
 quite another thing now, then what
 it was in old Times: In antient days
 the Philosophers were esteem'd Wise
 and Learned, for having long Beards.
 Men and Women were ador'd like
 petty Gods and Goddesses, for wear-
 ing gay Silks, Gold, and great Stocks
 of Jewels: But now the only way to
 know

know a Fool is by his fine Garb. A modest sober Man minds his interior parts, more then his exterior; yet, goes neatly, mixt with a little Gentility, though not Extravagancy. No powder'd Coat, Buttons like Tennis-balls; a patch on his Nose, broad Silver Loops, like an Actor in the *Play-House*; and when he walks, sink and cope, as though he danc'd the Corant or Minuet: And speaking, cries, *Dam me*, at every word. What ridiculous Monsters are these! Fellows that never pass the Streets, but attract the Eyes of more People, then a *Merry Andrew* upon a *Mountebank Stage*. Yet, though they see they are laugh'd at, are not daunted in the least, but take a pride to frequent the most populous Places, where they know they shall be most staid'd at. But to return to my former Discourse; the Women I say, aiming at that modish Name, *Jacobite*, ch-

joyn

join the *Beans* to do the like; and
 when they are in Company with
 'em, will often start up this questi-
 on; as, well Sir *Novelly*, Who are
 you for, King *James*, or King *Wil-*
liam? He having so much Sense to
 know the Lady's for *James*, placing
 him first, crys, O Ged, Madam! I'm
 a *Jacobite*. Ay, indeed Sir, says he,
 I'm o' your Mind; the *Williamites* are
 such slovenly Fellows,— O! Fox
 take 'em, Madam, nauseous Puppies,
 I loath the Name of 'em; I'm a true
Jacobite. Stop my *Vitals*! King
James has promis'd me a Collonels
 Commission to secure his Throne
 for him, when he comes over. But
 credit me, if *James* provides no bet-
 ter Collonels and Captains than they,
 to assist him in the recovery of his
 Throne, he'll never come over, nor
 have occasion for those Nincom-
 poops to secure it for him. But
 these Fops, who are such violent
 exclu-

exclaimers against King *William*, are
as good *Williamites*, when the Com-
pany they are with are so, as the
best; they are always conformable
to the Society they are in, lest they
should occasion a quarrel: For, tho'
they are confounded Hectors, yet
are as confounded Cowards; and
though two *Beaus*, when they meet,
are commonly quarreling and dam-
ning, yet one's as afraid to draw his
Sword, as the other's afraid he
shou'd: But 'tis time to conclude,
tho' the Subject is copious enough
for a Sheet more. If this please, it
may perhaps excite me to some other
such-like Undertaking.

F I N I S.

